

Milady

by Fritz96

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Summary: Meeting at their secret location one afternoon, Hiccup opens up to Astrid about the state of their relationship. VALENTINES ONE SHOT

Milady

****Milady****

Astrid jumped off Stormfly and let her dragon join the playful Night Fury as she approached Hiccup. "So what shall we do today?" He made no motion of acknowledgement towards her from his spot on the cliff. The two of them found the ocean outlook only a couple weeks ago and made it their new, secret spot since the cove had been an emergency haven for the village. "Hiccup?" She sat next to him. His eyes were intense and focused. His lips were tight. Immediately she knew he was mentally preoccupied. She looked out to the beautiful ocean. The warm, light sunrays glaring between big, puffy, white clouds against a baby blue sky contrasting with a dark, mysterious sea below. "What'cha thinking about?"

His reverie broke and he looked down at his knees for a moment with a heavy sigh. He repositioned himself to better face her and, with dazzling green eyes, smiled at her. "Nothing too important I guess."

"Oh! I wanted to tell you. I saw Snotlout before coming here and asked him what we were doing for Viking Valentine's Day. You know because of taunting him that him and I are a 'thing' and how we fought last week like an old married couple." She chuckled. "He got _so_ madâ€¦" She glanced over to her dear friend. Hiccup's smile had faded and his eyes weren't focused on her anymore. "Hey don't tell me that you forgot about Valentine's Day."

He suddenly turned to her. His facial features firm and resolute, an expression she'd seen only twice before. "Why do you say that to

him?"

She paused for a moment. "What?"

"That you and Snotlout are a couple. Do you like him?" Astrid balled a fist instantly, and swung to punch him, but he caught her wrist. Her eyes widened in shock. He took hold of her other hand and lightly shook them. "I'm being serious, Astrid."

She looked into his eyes. Noticing the pained sincerity, remorse overcame her in newfound understanding how much this issue bothered him. "No, Hiccup. I don't like him."

They turned away from each other. The ocean waves lapped against the rugged rocks below providing a steady beat for the silence that ensued.

"Why- ?" She turned to him. His gaze swayed away from the cliff's edge to her brilliant, blue eyes. "Why do you taunt him?"

She paused in her response, guilt eating away at her insides. "I â€" I didn't know this bothered you."

"I just thought - " He grunted, and shook his head. His eyes searched along infinite horizon once more.

"Hiccup, how well do you know me?" He returned his attention to her. "You and I have done so much together, have been through so much together, and you think that suddenly I like Snotlout. Have you forgotten how many times I have thrown him off me, how many times I've punched him or thrown insults at him? I do not like him. So I thought I'd try a new approach and now he's understanding the emotional feelings he puts me throughâ€" sort of." Hiccup looked out to sea again.

The ocean breeze tickled their skin.

Abruptly, he turned to her. "You think it's working?"

"I hope so. I don't know what I'll do if it doesn't."

"I could start calling you milady in front of him."

"Why did you stop in the first place?" His brow knit and he tilted his head slightly without realizing it. "I mean you started calling me by that nickname, around Snoggletog that first year and then you stopped. Why?"

Hiccup stayed silent a moment before gently explaining. "I thought you didn't like it."

Astrid briefly paused. "Well," She laced her fingers in between his, "if I didn't like it then, I like it now."

She smiled and he returned the gesture. She scooted closer to him, nestling herself in his side. Keeping their hands interloped, she rested her head on his shoulder, staring out into the vast horizon. Gradually, he rested his head on hers. They didn't care how long they stayed like that. It didn't matter. The crashing waves became a rhythmic beat and the gentle, afternoon breeze grazed across their

skin. Without warning, she moved. Astrid removed her hand and head, stood up and walked away. Hiccup watched her.

"Where are you going?"

"Turn around." She politely directed.

"Why?"

Astrid raised an eyebrow at him, finishing the discussion. Hiccup resumed his position facing the ocean. He could hear noises behind him arousing his inquisitiveness. The grass rustled at the contact of nearing footsteps. Suddenly, she sat down not too far behind him.

"Now, lay down."

Hesitating but a moment, slowly he leaned back and heard Astrid scoot forward a little. His senses acute by curiosity, he inferred that his head was not going to rest against soft dirt. Instantly, Hiccup concluded her intentions. Quickly, he twisted his body to face her supporting himself on one arm. He noticed she had removed only her spiked skirt, confirming his suspicion.

"Astrid, I am not doing this."

"Why not? No one's around."

"You know what this means."

"Are you against it?"

His free hand rubbed the back of his neck. "Well, noâ€|" He dreamed of it actually â€" the day that he would rest his head in Astrid's lap. It was a Viking tradition that when a man rests his head in a woman's lap, primarily in public, it meant that she was his and vice versa.

"Then what are you gonna do about it?"

Hiccup hesitated a moment before he gradually laid his head in her lap. A smile slowly spread across his thin lips and he closed his eyes. Her dainty fingers brushed the hair out of his eyes and then combed through his hair. They stopped at the nape of his neck by his right ear and began to play with his hair.

"Thank you, milady."

Astrid paused before leaning down and kissing him. When she broke, she muttered her appreciation. "Thank _you_."

End
file.